

T H E
FIRST DAY OF
THE WORLDES
CREATION:

Or
Of the first weeke of that
most Christian Poet, W. SA-
LVSTIVS, Lord
of *Bartas*.

Etsi serò serò.



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The Translator to the Author.

SO, so, Lord Bartas, should all Arts be spent
In truthe aduancement, and their Authors glorie:
Blush Christian Poets, to seeme eloquent,
In setting forth a lewd, and lying storie:
Let Poets learne the sacred truth to write:
And Heathens take the lying Epithite.

There, there, Lord Bartas hath the truth hir grace,
Where God is Phœbus, and his sprite the muse,
Where Poets follow Prophets heauenly trace,
And Parnase mount for Zion do refuse:
Let heathnish parasites that cog and flatter,
Call fained muses, to their forged matter.

Then, then, Lord Bartas art and truth accord,
When truth is mistresse, and those arts hir maides,
When subtill quirks, and questions be abhord,
And damfels follow where their mistresse leades.
Truthe Poets, let them not be vaine disputers:
But take hir Prophets for their onely tutors.

Thus, thus, Lord Bartas hast thou done, and wonn
Arts garland, and truthe heauenly blessing,
She was thy dittie, God did set thy tune,
His sprite did guide thee in that truthe expressing:
Now whiles thy works in Fraunce affoord a sunshine,
Vouchsafe this shadow may be Englands moonshine.

To the Right Worshipfull, wise, and learned,
M. Anthonie Bacon : perfect health of bodie, increase of
vertues and worship; to the honorable service of his
countrie, the advancement of Religion,
and the everlasting felicitie
of his owne soule.



Our long experience, both of the French estate, & language (Right worshipfull:) the report of your wisdom blossomed in youth, and ripened in yeeres, increased by learning at home, and confirmed by trauaile abroad, haue drawne me, a poore nameles countriman of yours, to make choyce of your woorthie title to countenance the forefront of this frame: and your iudgement to censure the priuie conuiances thereof. The peece of worke which I offer to your patronage and iudgement, was vndertaken in the nonage of my studies, before I was professed, and perhaps had beene smothered from the world as an abortiue, had not some my deere friends weaned it from my hands, and fostered it in their affectionate bosoms, promising it life and light, if not with me, without me: yet not in respect, either of the matter which is heauenly, nor the Author which is excellent, desired I to silence my infantlike pen from proceeding heerin: but bicause this most Christian Poet, and noble *Frenchman Lord of Bargas*, might haue been naturalized amongst vs, either by a generall act of a Poeticall Parliament: or haue obtained a kingly translator for his weeke (as he did for his *Furies*;) or rather a diuine *Sidney*, a stately *Spencer*, or a sweet *Daniell* for an interpreter thereof. For so was I put in a false hope by some, that the liuing Pen of that worthie deceased knight, had amongst other his charitable legacies bequeathed a rich suit, after our best English fashion, vn-

The king of Scots
translated his
Furies.

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

to this honorable Poet : and therefore suppressed my ragged weeds, till I perceiued their promise shrunk, & my expectation still naked. And yet if any of the fore-named Heroicall Spirits haue vndertaken the performance of that act, I would not haue my seelie daies worke to preiudice their Weeke, nor my moat to flutter in the presence of their bright beames : wherefore though my rash quill hath tooke a further flight into this translation : yet haue I pinioned vp the rest of his fethers, and suffered onely the first daies worke to passe abroad : till I may vnderstand whether any of those sweete recording Swans haue waded in the deriuation of these streames or no : which if it be true (as I rather wish it, then enuie at it) I am content that my homely translation be cancelled : onely this forefront would I haue preserued, as an old ruinous wall, not for the workmanship, but for the monument of some famous inscription therein contained ; so may it stand as an heape of stones, not onely rebounding a short eccho of *Dubartas* his stately voice ; but also lifting vp the accent in the sounding praises of Master *Anthony Bacon* : and subscribing to the manifold prayers for his health and happinesse, with
Amen.

The Argument.

THe most Christian Poet in a matter of truth (having made his invocation upon the true God) addresseth himselfe to describe the creation of the world, against the truth whereof because many opinions of heathenish Philosophers might be opposed, he cutteth them downe, as they stand in his way. Some dreamed of eternitie, and seeing the briers of antiquitie growing over the cleere accounts of the worlds age, left themselves as in a labyrinth, for want of a directors thread, so leade to the originall point of the first entrance of the same. Others stumbled at the beginning thereof, and did seeme to hold the circumstance of time, and a former commencement of motion, yet did they deny the substance, and miscall the author thereof: for they affirmed the world to have bene patched up of moats, and sodainely so iumbled together by a casuall concourse of the same. Our Poet breaching the steppes of the true Prophets, findeth out an Immortall author and preserver, being the ancient of daies, a Father of lights, which is he that protesteth of himselfe, I am before the light was created. And if the Epicure demand what this Author did before he made the world, here is returned the same answer that Spiridion gave to the like question in the council of Neece, He built a hel for curious questionists: & for his company, he was alone and yet not solitarie, he had his essentiall vertues, his distinct persons all concurring in the fulnes of his Godhead which was al in all. Some of the Philosophers harped upon this point, but their brains were out of tune, and therefore neuer found out the perfect union of those three parts in one. Our Poet expresseth the Author God, the instruments his word, being the very beginning and alpha of those lines written in the royall parchments of the heavens, and made legible to all lands and languages. This whole frame and organ of the world tuned by the finger of God and breathed into by his spirit, serveth as vocall musicke to conueigh the significant disie of his power and glorie into euerie sence. Neither is this world a worke of Imitation seconded by any former and externall pattern: but of mere nothing was made a rude something at the first, by sixe daies leasure polished & extended in such ample compas as we behold, to the insens there might be but one whole entire world, without whose pales there might neither be parles nor pluralitie of worlds. As it had a beginning, so also must it have an end, though Plato (of prophane men the most deuine) should affirme the contrary, & at the stiffe conuicted sect of Stoicks, should necessarily implead a sempiternitie: Yet such an end shall it have as euerie venturous Astrologer is not able to discover, no, nor any but the unsearchable knowledge of the highest. God therefore proued the Author and destroyer, is proposed as a president to vs in that he tooke six daies to finish that which at a trice he could haue performed. Amongst his successful labors the comfortable light is preferred in time, & made the first fruit of his creature: the substance thereof vncertaine, the beautie and profits thereof most certaine: what cause moued the almightie to distinguish betweene day and day, light and light, with intercourse of night and darkenes expressed. The angels creation being touched & (according to a general opinion) attributed to this daies work, the fall of some of them, malice of these apostate relapses: the persistance and diligent seruice of others in the defence of Gods beloued, and offence of his enemies described, the Poet takes his farewell for the first day.

Phillips faire bloome, sole eie of Macedon,
Hauing disroabd of all their royaltie
The losse towers of thrice-sackt Ilion,
Was askt by one if he the harpe would see;
That Paris vsde amidst his venerie?
Not that quoth he, but rather **THAT** would I:
Wherewith Achilles made such melodie.

His minde forsooth and voice accorded then,
With **THAT** which warbled still the woorthy deedes
Of beaun-bred ympes, heroick Gentlemen,
The mortall blossoms of immortal seedes,
None such that other twangd but worthlesse weedes.
As sighes, sobs, sorrowes, and louers languishments,
Or else their wiles, smiles, sports, and wanton meriments.

No such like passions heere of carpet loue,
No obiects fit for lewd and lustfull eies:
Lo heere the world, the earth, the heauen above,
The elements, and sense-deceiuing skies,
All made free denizens after English guise:
You Gentles cast in Alexanders mould,
By choise like his, like minde of yours unfould.

Io. Ho.



THE FIRST DAY OF THE FIRST WEEKE OF du Bartas.

THou, that the course of glittering heauen dost guide
And checkest trucebound *Neptunes* furlie waues,
Shaking the steedie earth both far and wide:
Whose word can tame th'*Æolian* broad that raues,
Or cause them bussell from their vented caues;
Discharge my mind of cloudie cares and thought:
And to thy selfe, hale vp my sprights aloft.

The poets inu-
cation on God.

Drive out this statelie drift of me intended,
And by thy cunning let this verse be squarde,
So that thy works, by words may be commended:
Leuie those lines with speciall regard,
Wherein the worlds rare growthe shall be declare:
That I may sing, and latter age may heare,
How first the worlds rude nonage did appeare.

Great father, graunt that I may couch in measure,
The rarest points of beautie in this frame,
And spread abroad the chiefe concealed treasure
Containing worthie lectures of thy name,
And seruing fit to register thy fame:
Let me thy sacred mysteries discerne:
That teaching others them, my selfe may learne.

The proposition.

The elements from everlasting time
Haue not bene pitcht as we behold them now:
Nor did the nimble fire so euer clime,
That it kept downe the tossing aire belowe:
Nor did the aire about the waters bowe:
Nor water shrinking in the earths hollow lap,
With slippry turnings did the same inwrap.

The world was
not eternall.

This

The world not
made by chance.

This mightie *Cope*, that stretcheth wide and side,
Was not rough hewde by fortunes chop or chance :
Nor in grosse clusters of moates vndescride,
Or time scrapes vp ruffled at a glance:
As vaine *Democritus* dreamd in his trance :
That selfesame word, whereby the world shall fade,
Was once the word, whereby the world was made.

World and time
of one standing.

Not made before the measuring time was found,
Without beginning, from eternitie :
But world and time, at one the selfesame stound,
As things coequall, tooke formalitie :
For you (o heauenlie lampes) giue certaintie.
The seasons, and the times your course confirmes
And cuts the yeares, the months, the daies and termes.

Elder then place, then forme of arched skie,
Elder then time, which wheelles in circle space,
Sate endles *Ioue* in perfect maiestie :
Peizing the whole with more then princelie grace,
Chearing the parts which all he did imbrace :
What that was then, I know not how to call :
Nought els, but God, for God was all in all.

One onlie mind, and pure intelligence
A virgin spright, vnspotted and sincere :
Liuing for euer, making no expence
Of age or time that wrinkles might appeare,
By nature bright, and alwaies shining cleare :
Fearles and infinite, a lord vnknownen,
Conuersing onlie with himselfe alone.

Wretches

Wretches, that beat your braines on frantike toies,
Aske you how mightie Ioue was then imploide ?
Making inquirie what were then his ioies,
When all the world was vncreate and voide ?
His prudent mind (saie they) might be annoide,
Which hauing power to counterpoise his will,
Could suffer nothing woorse than sitting still.

An answer to
the Atheist, that
demandeth what
God did, before
he made the
world.

This curious motiue mounts to blasphemie :
Another point were fitter to record :
Before the heauens, and late worlds infancie
Produced were by his effectuall word,
He built a hell for such as were abhord :
A hell, for such a proud ambitious rout,
As Giant-like would cast their maker out.

The Answer of
Spiridion in the
councell of
Neece, to the
Epicures de-
mand.

Doth not a Caruer master of his art,
Draw whilome fancide patternes in his braine,
Not vsing tooles nor timber in his draught ?
Doth not the Webster negligent of gaine,
Lay somtimes by both wooffe and warpe in vaine ?
Doth not the Potter leaue his tempered clay,
Not forging it in vessels though he may ?

And shall the Master workman of them all
Subiect his art vnto some lumpish stufte,
As though his skill were meere mechanicall,
Which in it selfe is absolute enough,
And by it selfe can yeeld sufficient prooffe ?
Neuer was *Scipio* solitarie lesse,
Than when alone, and had no other guesse.

B

Could

Could such a Romane captaine take delight
 Within the closet of his humane brest :
 And sole sufficient *Ioue* be thought so slight,
 That he could not enioie an actiue rest,
 Amongst such ioies as cannot be exprest ?
 Might he not liue alone (O heauens, what madnes ?)
 As well as men in melancholic sadnes ?

Bias.

*Omnia mea
 mecum porto.*

That ancient sage *Priēnaes* great renowne,
 When he should fleete with bag and baggage thence,
 Bragd he brought all, yet nothing from the towne,
 His minde was all fraught with intelligence :
 And should rich *Ioue* in his magnificence,
 A Lord and King, and all within himselfe,
 Desire to be enricht with worldlie pelfe ?

God is the fountaine from whose liuely spring
 Conduits of grace, and streames of good do flowe,
 All turnes are serud by his replenishing,
 For worlds of plentie from this fountaine growe,
 He is not suppliant to high nor lowe :
 But Ocean-like his fulnes he discharges,
 Supplying euerie want with his franke largesse.

Before the winds could breath, or waters breed
 The spawning fish : before the earth was storde
 With Antleere, or enrichde with anie feed,
 Or haruest crop that fodder might afford :
 Before all this remaind the soueraigne Lord,
 Imploid in selfe-conceited exercise :
 A fit delight for him thats onlie wise.

His

first weeke of du Bartas.

5

His admirable glorie, puissant power,
Rich bountie, and his setled prouidence,
Were sacred objects, present eu'rie howre,
To exercise his deepe intelligence,
And wouldst thou know his further diligence?
He did contemplate on this worlds huge frame,
Viewing a former modell of the same.

That Father solitarie could not be,
Which had begot before all worlds begun
An offspring motherles, for companie:
His word, his wisdom, and his onelie Son,
By whose consent all works of waight were done:
They two both one combinde in puissance regall:
The Father Lord, the Son the Fathers equall.

From which two peeres, and powers inuisible,
Vnite in mutuall loue and maiestie,
Issues a third peere indiuisible:
And yet to both proportion'd equallie,
Copartner with the sacred Deitie;
Of nature like, although distinct in name:
Of sundrie gifts, in Godhead all the same.

My muse strike saile, and launch not in the deepe:
Beare of aloofe, and hold thy barke at bay:
From hungrie gulfe of rough Charybdis keepe,
And shun the dreadfull rocks of Capharee,
Those rocks be wracks and manie mens decay:
For manie slipt in maze of curious doubt,
So whelme themselves, they neuer could get out.

B 2

A

The heathen
Philosophers lost
themselves for
want of the true
Loadstar.

A safer course to cut alongst the shore,
 And beare a point, where landmarks may direct :
 The shallow waters best can brooke an ore :
 But trifling wherries by the seas are checkt :
 In busie points, let faith thy sailes erect,
 Gods breathing Spirit be thy happie winde :
 The Bible be a load-star to thy minde.

What else could blinde, our Sages secular,
 And make those blinde, seduce the vulgar sort,
 But keeping of a course irregular :
 Counter to that the Bible doth exhort :
 Leauing whose compasse, they must needs come short ?
 Truthes surest carde, when once they did abandon,
 They lost themselves, and others left at randon.

A busie point so hard and dangerous,
 As is none such containd in holie writ :
 Apert to those that are not curious,
 Presuming on discourse of humane wit,
 Or thinke by reason to discover it :
 No point more plaine to faithfull minds and holie :
 No point more darke to minds possesst with follie.

Where am I now ? or whither am I puld ?
 My clambring mind surchargd with percing raies
 Of this celestiaall maiestie, is duld :
 Each facultie proceeding thence decaies :
 A statelie threefold brightnes ouerswaies :
 My voice forgoes hir meditated sound :
 And in my hart no hart at all is found.

This

This glorious Trinitie whom I adore
With bending knee, and lowlie prostrate hart :
Whom I beleue, and trembling search no more,
Than liuelie faith vouchsafeth to impart :
This Trinitie by thrice exceeding art,
Of nothing framde this Mound of huge receipt :
When all was nothing, but vnmeasurable great.

Three persons,
one God made
the world.

This Trinitie, surpassing *Dedalus*,
This Master builder, singular for skill,
Endewd with worlds of wealth, and sumptuous
In choise of change, yet changelesse resting still,
Doth boast the endlesse riches of his will :
Displaies his natue power, and heavenly science :
And giues to all blaspheming Momes defiance.

Mount who so list vnto the wheluing spheeres,
As scorning of these mouldie parts belowe,
Aboue the heauens let others fetch carreers,
And ouer bound those balls of sparkling show :
Swell they with pride of loftie things they know :
Let them enioie the counsell of the highest :
And in his courts let them approach the nighest.

And let some other lowe conceited wight,
Take countercourse, and cowchant to the ground,
Creepe in these muddie obiects next his sight,
As wholie in these lowlie kennels drownd :
Searching what force in pettie works is found :
And finding there some notes of Gods owne glorie,
Eclipse the same, by telling of the storie.

Belowe

*Mediocria fir-
ma: medio in-
fimum ibis.*

Belowe the former, but aboue the last,
I traine my muse, amidst the midmost aire :
There shall she houer, in proportion placde,
And peizd with equall wings of heedie care :
Least soaring high, hir flight she might impaire,
Where blazing lamps would finde hir winged traine,
Or buzzing lowe, the dampe might slug hir vaine.

*The Godhead is
seen in the visible
things of the
world.*

I please my selfe, in prying vp and downe,
And eying of the worlds faire countenance :
Wherein Gods image makes reflexion,
As in the mirror of his excellence :
His Godhead set in this worlds purueiance,
By transparence doth fill my feeble eies :
Which may not view his brightnes otherwise.

If he that lookes against the fierie sparks
Of glittering *Phebus*, gets a sunne-burnd face :
If he that with a fixed eie sight marks
That flaming Globe (although from distant place)
Is purblind, onelie with that fulgent grace ;
Who can sustaine the daunting lookes of him,
That lightning-like disperseth life and lim ?

Of him, that separate in heauenlie throne,
Did build this statelie Theater beside
For men to sojourne, and conuerse vpon :
Where liuelie prints of maiestie abide,
Though but a glimpse of his power is descride :
And yet his Godhead grauen in this frame,
Doth teach our childish thoughts to spell the same.

Great

Great Father (whom no lumpish braines conceiue)
How dost thou intimate to humane sense,
The knowledge of thy selfe ? and giuest vs leaue
To feele thy presence in this worlds contents,
And read thy glorie in these monuments ?
Our fingers feeling, nostrils drawing saueur,
Our palate tasting, all bewraie thy fauour.

From highest throne thou sendst a roring noise,
And to instruct vs, plaist the Orator :
Heauen starts to vnderstand thy thundring voice,
And speakes to vs, as thine Ambassador,
Soothlie, each creature is thine auditor :
The world a publike schoole, where we may learne
Such proper lesions as thy praise concerne.

This frame like to a pullie heaues our sprights,
And moues our thoughts to climbe by winding staies,
Aboue the stories of those heauenlie lights.
The mightie God this world a shop prepares,
To make a publike shew of his rich wares.
This world like to a bridge conducts the stranger
By gulfe of Gods deepe secret without danger.

Diuers compa-
risons to shew
the vie of the
worldly frame
to Christian con-
siderations.

And not vnlike a thin transparent clowd
Yeelds passage to the beames of *Phœbus* light,
(Not *Phœbus* whom *Latonaes* wombe did throwd,
Lighting by day, and lurking in the night)
But such a sunne as alway staies in sight :
In thickest darknes still persists to shine,
And neuer stowpes beneath Orizons line.

Heere

Heere as in semi-circled Theater,
 Loue, Iustice, Righteousnes and Maiestie,
 Present themselves : which expert actors are,
 Their parts discharging so ingeniously,
 That humane sense is rapt aboue the skie.
 This world a booke in folio, doth proclame
 With letters capitall, the Authors name :

Each kind, a page, each sundrie shape a line;
 Each creature, is a character to teach :
 Each worke, a vowell, sounding discipline:
 And all the world doth consonantly preach:
 But we are trewants, which from masters reach,
 On toies and gawds do set their wanton harts,
 Respecting them more than regarding arts.

Our eies be wandring on the babish gaies,
 And flowres that fill the wast comportsance :
 On backside of the booke we spend our daies,
 Not vsing natures text, a furtherance
 To helpe instruct our blindfold ignorance :
 Thence might we learne that God is chiefest cause,
 Supporting cities peace with wholsome lawes.

What do we trauell in the multitude
 Of languages ? and labour to explaine
 The sense, which Turkish characters include ?
 Or Ægyptys sacred figures do containe ?
 What those small pricks in th'Ebrew language meane ?
 To know the notes and accents of the Greeke,
 These things so slight, what neede we greatly seeke ?

The

The Scythian and the wilde Tartarian,
The seuen yeeres wit, not growne yet to be wise,
And those that haue the Pole meridian,
By natures light can scand these mysteries,
Saunce further insight, than by carnall eies:
But he that is illuminate by faith,
Moues from this mould, and mounts a greater haith.

He vawts aboue the cristall firmament,
And vnderneath his feet, beholds the stirre
Of spheeres conuerted by Gods regiment:
Whence reading his celestiaall kalender,
He proues to be an arch-Astronomer.
Aided with faith, I long to be discerning
The sacred text of Gods inspired learning.

My pleasure is to couch in statelie verse
The worlds first birth and tender nurserie,
The eaning, and the weaning I reherse,
The infant nonage, and minoritie,
And how it grew to perfect dignitie.
I will vnfold the bosome of this frame,
That all may read Gods essence in the same.

The founder of this ouerspredding tent,
Tooke no fantasticke copie for his guide,
No borrowed shadow for his president,
Nor melancholie did he long abide,
Inuenting how the parts might be applide:
There was no world, before this world, created:
No former plot nor patterne he respected.

C

An

God tooke no
view of any ex-
ternall patterne
to make the
world after.

An earthly builder, tossing in his braynes,
 How best to raise a pallace for a king :
 First craueth respite, counsell, taketh paynes
 To make suruey of many a such like thing,
 Before he sets his hand to fashioning,
 That after diuers pallaces beheld,
 Himselfe at last, might exquisitely build.

Where any queint conueiance is comprisde,
 He markes the point, the workmanship, and grace :
 Heere he commends the forefront, well deuisd,
 Else-where, some pillar raisd on comely base,
 Or staires well mounted honoring the place :
 Surueying much, he notes a thousand things,
 And in his worke the grace of all he brings.

No such examples of Ichnographic
 Had euerlasting *loue* to imitate,
 That he might forge a second world thereby,
 And frame a worke, for worlds to woonder at :
 He neuer sweat, nor beat his braynes for that,
 But cast the world with ease into a square :
 Quartered with earth, and water, fire, and aire.

Euen as the Sunne (earths fairest husbandman)
 Annexed to the wheeling firmament,
 Descendeth not from his paulion ;
 But sends from thence his fruitfull increment,
 Cheering the loue-sicke earth with meriment :
 Although he list not come, yet doth he send
 Garlands of plentie to his distant frend.

Gods

Gods pleasure, and performance, will, and deed,
Conceit, and act, are of one equall age :
Purpose and practise, word and worke, proceed,
And march alike, with perfect æquipage,
As ofsprings of one heauenly parentage :
All keepe their course inioynd, on God attendant :
He was their maker, and is their defendant.

But yet the matter of this comely frame
Was not forthwith so curious to behold :
Nor so polite, as now we see the same,
Till *Ioue* had cast it in a fairer mold :
For as a shipwright (not to be comptrold)
When he should build a barke to checke the seas,
By leasure lookes what kinds of stuffe he please:

First trees for tymber; iron, pytch for strength:
Then he prouides his cables and his cord :
Which all he layes on heapes : vntill at length,
He singles out a sayle-yard from the hord :
The beake, and sterne he makes of some choyse bord :
The tallest firre he marketh for his mast :
Vntill by art, ech part is fitly plac'd.

So God before this world was polished,
Produc'd his pregnant and immortall word;
And then collecting all the parts vntride,
He mendgd them all, in one confused hord :
But where the Shipwright to his hands is stord;
God was the author both of forme and stuffe,
Not borrowing ought, for he had all enough.

The world with-
out forme, fashi-
on, place, at the
first.

Base was the worlds first visage, and vncowth,
An Auerne dungeon, tost with heedles quoyle :
A rifraffe medley; and a gulphall mouth,
A sluggish heape of Elements at soyle,
Amongst themselues pell mell all one the spoyle :
Cold nipt the heat, square things and round did iar:
The hard and rough, with soft and smooth, made war.

Moisture and drouth, high mounting things & humble,
At hurlie-burle skattered on a ranke,
In ciuill strife vnciuillie did tumble :
The fire, and aire, plaid many a lawles pranke :
The water skornd to keepe within a banke :
Nor earth, nor aire, retained bound or border :
But all things were, vnperfect, out of order.

Somtime the water kept such heaue and shoue,
That it inbrochde vpon the victorie :
The aire somtimes by strugling did remoue
The waters force, and got the masterie :
Somtime the earth did crush the other three :
Eftsoones the fire aboue them all did skip,
When topsie turuie downe the rest did slip.

That high Lord Marshall darting thunder shot,
As yet had not his offices disposd :
The shapeles skie had not one glystering spot ;
Nor any Planetarie signe that glosd :
The earth had not hir motley weeds imposd :
Nor *Neptune* had his watrish kingdome storde :
Nor any foule amidst the welkin soarde.

All

All things lay weltring in a slothfull shade :
 No quickning spright did animate the lumpe :
 The blended fire, no fierie gesture had :
 The earth, no earth, the aire could make no thumpe :
 These first borne creatures stucke as in a dumpe :
 No setled course, degrees or bounds ordained,
 By which this reuell rout might be restrained.

Genes. 1. 9.

If fire were then ; twas not posselt with heat :
 If aire ; it did not thorough shine with light :
 If water ; yet the moysture was not great :
 If earth ; it tottering daunc'd for lacke of weight :
 Do but imagine such an auckwoorth fight,
 Where *Tellus* bald and barren were presented,
 Not firme, nor plaine, nor yet with dales indented.

Suppose the heauens disrobde of all their pride :
 Those eies pockt out, and lights extinguished,
 Debar'd of motion and all forme beside,
 And thinke thou seest the first world pictured,
 Whose portraiture can not be vttered,
 What then was not, I better can declare,
 Then what that was, which was of old time theare.

World was it not, but hope of world to come,
 A lumpe that askt fixe daies the finishing,
 A likelihood such as in mothers wombe
 The fruite giues first, when first it ginnes to spring,
 Which growes so long till it be liuely thing :
 First face, then eies, then chin, and nostrils parting,
 Then hands distinct, and fingers thereto sorting.

Embryo.

This

This pettie world, thus at the length increas'd,
 Obtaineth vigour for his enterprise :
 And out of prison strives to be releas'd,
 Getting a larger prospect for his eies :
 Yet in this masse a secret vertue lies,
 Which hath by nature force to forme and giue
 A vitall a&, whereby the flesh may liue.

That vaster heape had no selfe-quicking spright,
 No naturall a&iuitie to grow :
 And therefore had in dulnes moultered quight,
 But that Gods sacred word began to flow,
 And with his influence inspir'd it so,
 That it became a vegetable brood,
 And was partaker of such liuelihoo'de.

A darksome horror, such as *Ægypt* felt,
 With blindfold eies, and harts astonishment :
 Blacknes, like that where the *Cimmerians* dwelt,
 Or *Sibb* vnto *Mephitis* hellish sent,
 Belch'd from the puddle *Styx*, Gods punishment :
 Or if some darknes be more palpable,
 Of that, and all was *Chaos* capable.

The spirit moued
 vpon the water.
Genes. 1.

Confused reuell and disorder raigning,
 This waxing world was like to ruinate :
 Had not Gods powre their mutines restraining,
 Dispers'd it selfe into that rude estate,
 And qualified the rage of their debate.
 Had not his vertue like to sodder clos'd
 The chops and rents of matter indispos'd,

Had

Had it not bound as with a mastique glue,
 The heauens, earth, aire, and vagrant Ocean
 And fixed listes to keepe apart that crue,
 Their natures in the cradell euery one
 Had bin extinct with selfe commotion:
 But Gods great puissance shed into this hord,
 Allwagd the striffe: and bred a sweete accord.

As some braue wit resolu'd to consecrate
 A worke of waight vnto the Muses shryne:
 At home, abroad, at bed, bourd, earely, late,
 Rippes his discourse and ponders euery lyne,
 Hovring amongst his books of discipline:
 So Gods great spright which was the onely mouer, Genes. 1. 2.
 Vpon the waters superficie did houer.

Euen as the brooding bird that sits at once,
 To hatch hir egges, and huckle vp hir yonge,
 Till natie and adoptiue egges breed bones,
 And all hir flocke is fledge and liuely sprong:
 So Gods owne spirit fate, though not so long,
 And farre and neere did spread his ripning wings
 Till he had perfected these callowe things.

Out of the fuds, where monsterlike they lay,
 He did extraet them: altering their hue:
 Extending such an vniuersall baye,
 As ouerreachd this compasse which we viewe;
 And was compleat with all the residue:
 All was but one thing, neither markd, nor bounded:
 Nothing remaind that was not there impounded.

A pluralitie of
worlds confuted.

If that Archduke from God in Horeb taught,
Had not this certaine testimonie yeelded,
How first the vniuersall world was wrought,
And in sixe daies this stately frame so builded,
By that same God which all things wrought & weilded :
Leucippus might by arguments perswade,
That some great multitude of worlds were made.

Nature (no niggard of hir workmanship)
If she had coinde manie worlds in number,
The heauie earth would rush, the water drip,
And make one neighbour world anothers cumber :
So all might fall into their wonted slumber :
Or least the one the others course should hinder,
Some emptie space must keepe the frames asunder.

But now the engine was so firmly iointed,
So close compact without one creuise void,
With furnisht complements so well appointed,
That nothing was by vacant chinks annoid.
We see, how close stopt wine cannot auoid,
Nor issue currantly from out the terse,
Except a vent to take in aire we perse.

We see the puffing bellows cannot heaue,
If at the nose they snuffe not vp the wind :
Bungd vessels cannot anie frost receiue,
Not closed waterpots an issue find.
Forc'd liquor drawne in pipes against the kind,
Doth mount aloft as though it were no water,
So great a foe is emptines to nature.

God

God, onlie great, beyonde all quantitie,
Framed the course of nature mutable :
From change exempting his diuinitie,
Making time measure althings moueable :
For heauens themselues are not vnmeasurable :
Time meets the circuit of the firmament,
And rules the motions with his regiment.

God, onlie infinite
the worlde hath
his limited mea-
sure of time and
place.

The world, is not immortall, though so vast,
But subiect vnto rauenouse decay :
The parts do languish, and the members wast :
And, like the parts, the whole must weare away :
To euery thing prefixed is a day :
The daie calles death, still gaping to deuoure :
And natures wheele is turned euery houre.

Now go vaine Greece, and weaue heauens curtaine cloth
Of braine spun threads, such as thy quintessence :
Fill all the world with fancies windie froth,
Painting fond fables with faire eloquence :
Dispute, according thine intelligence,
And say ; the course of heauen was near begone :
Nor, euer in thy iudgement shall haue done.

The quintessence
of Aristotle.

Stand on the vrgent lawes of destinie
And locke vp all within their hard precinct,
As bound to rocke of starke necessitie :
Yet not the stars so slavishly are link'd,
But monthly they receaue a fresh instinct,
Such fables are not able to defend,
The worldly frame from ruine in the end.

The stoicall ne-
cessitie.

D

The

A description of
the worlds end.

The day shall come, when rocks rent from the quarrie,
And trembling tops of loftie hills shall rush:
When heauens shall cracke, and lowly vales miscarrie,
Stuft vp with sheards, and suffering many a brush
Of huge great heapes, that cannot chuse but crush:
The rubbish of the ruinated heauen,
Shall make the mountaines and the valleies euen.

Gape shall the chanel, void of water streames,
Or hauing moysture, all imbrew'de with bloud,
Shall hyfle with heate of scorching fierie beames:
The sea shall vomite lightnings as a floud,
And blazing flame shall come vp like the sud:
The Whales halfe roasted on the bancke shall rore:
And gasping lie vpon the new found shore.

The foggie clouds shall muffle vp the day:
The cheerefull Sunne shall mourne in fearefull maske:
And *Neptunes* tayle shall sweepe the starres away,
Both Sun and Moone shall shun their woonted taske,
In fogs shall one, in bloud the other baske.
The darting stars shall cleaue the earth asunder,
And forth shal march fear, death, dark storms & thunder

Those marshald in their quarters, shall attend
The wrathfull vengeance of their Lord approaching:
All wicked harts shall fayle to see that end,
And heare the Iudge their own lewd deeds reproching,
With thousand torments on them still incroching:
Nought shall the world be but a flaming ball,
Light fire (like water once) surrounding all.

Alas,

Alas, what meanes the misbelceuing pen
Of sortish wizards, scribling Almanakes;
To marke the yeare, the month, or season when
This fleeting world, full point and period makes :
And *Saturnes* port a *Supersedeas* takes ?
As though some crosse aspect of wandring starres
Should crush the world by furie of their iarres.

I tremble to relate : and thorough hart and ioints
A chill cold horror shoots : when I do ponder
How some base figure-flingers broch these points,
Forestalling God the onely worlds confounder :
To mooue the people to a faithles wonder.
For their coniectures taken by their theame,
Iudicials and all, are but a dreame.

Against the baser
sort of astrologers
which dare set
forth their predi-
ctions of the time
when doomes
day shall come.

Yet grope they at Gods sealed cloffet dore,
And would be prying at those mysteries,
Which he hath treasured vp for secret store :
Keeping the diall of all destinies
Vnto himselfe, that knowes all secrecies :
That Kalender he shuts vp in his hand,
Wherein Doomes-day with letters red doth stand.

That day, whereof no man can read the date,
Shall swiftly strike the rowt of men secure :
And striking warne, when warning is too late :
For times delay no longer may endure.
Then comes thy Sonne (O Father essence pure,)
Thy glorious Sonne with maiestie shall come,
In shape of man, once formed in the wombe.

The second com-
ming of Christ.

D 2 Immortall

Immortall God, that glorious Sonne of thine,
 In flaming fire triumphant shall descend :
 About whose throne shall troupes of Angels shine,
 And thousand thousand holie saints attend,
 Ioious to see that long desired end.
 His chariot wheelles shall skud like lightning flame :
 Iustice and mercie haling on the same.

Then, such as sleepe in bowels of the graue,
 Opprest with dust, or weight of marble toombes :
 Such as the sea hath swallowd in hir caue :
 Such as by fire receiud their former doomes,
 Or paunch of beasts haue had for buriall roomes :
 All shall stand vp repaired with manlike shape,
 No one, so great or small, that shall escape.

All must appeere, appeering must attend
 In their owne persons, till the Iudge proceed,
 Awarding life or death to be their end :
 Of mercie some, of iustice other speed :
 Too some is weale, to others wo decreed :
 Some to the lowest pit shall be debased,
 And others with the highest shall be graced.

Pilate.

O thou (whom once th'Italian President
 Pronouncing wicked sentence terrifide)
 Grant me, that when thy trumpet shall be sent
 To sound a sommons vpon eurie side,
 East, west, north, south, where anie men abide :
 Rowzing the world with sudden change of state,
 I may haue thee, my iudge and Aduocate.

The

The sage and powerfull prouidence of *Ioue*
 Brought out this world as she beare foles hir yoong :
 A lumpish gobbet, first vnapt to moue,
 Till it be lickt, and trickt vp with the toong :
 She spares no paines, till all the lims be sproong :
 She smoothes it vp, with mouth, and mothers moisture,
 Till she disclose the shape, hid in the cloisture.

The creation of
 the worlds mat-
 ter from nothing.

By licking she expresseth eurie lim :
 She formes the head, and fashions out the feet,
 Indents the pawes, and makes the visage grim,
 Rough casts the shag hair'd shoulders : as is meet,
 In euerie part, she shewes hir selfe discreet :
 Discreet and diligent, till she haue done,
 And brought hir whelp to iust perfection.

For when Gods wisdome, by his pregnant voice
 Powrd out a masse of heate, cold, moist and drie :
 In processe, he gan make exacter choice,
 And separate the lowlie things from high :
 Conforting like with like, dislike laid by :
 Fire ioind with fire, things heauie found like matter :
 Cold drew to cold, and liquid things to water.

The queintest forme, that best beseemes each part,
 Is vnto each particular assignd :
 And in fixe daies God shewd his matchlesse art,
 Forming this world conformall to his mind :
 Not, but he could haue all these things reind,
 And perfected in lesse than times least tittle,
 Vnlike to man thats long about a little.

The

Why God would
take fixe daies for
his creation.

The heauens he could haue spangled with their lamps:
And storde the airie cage, with winged breed:
The forest where the sauadge Beuie rampes,
He could haue furnisht foorthwith for a need:
And fild the seas with fishes in like speed:
But yet it was his vncomptrouled pleasure;
To worke them out in fixe whole daies at leasure.

So many daies, such leasure, and such art,
Bestowd in preparation of a seat
For man vnformed, seemeth to impart,
That doubtles his good will is woonderous great
To those, for whom he made this goodly seat:
To whom by promise, he first seald a warrant,
Of thousand fauours afterward apparant.

*Sae cito, si fac bene.
Festina lente:*

He gaue an imitable president,
That we should not, in ouer eager haste
Post in our toyle, till breath and strength be spent:
Nor rashlie ruffle vp our works to waste,
But make good speed, yet hurrie not too faste,
Aduise ment alwaies brings an act to prooffe:
And things well done are all done soone enough.

Light the first
fruite of Gods
creatures.

Father of wisdom, father of the light;
What first might be extracted from that traunce,
Where all things lay confusde without delight
More woorthie then the lights faire countenaunce?
Whose absence were faire beauties hinderaunce:
For without light *Timanthes* had in vaine
To carue his antique *Cyclops* tooke such paine.

In

In vaine *Parrhasius* had shapt his peece :
 And *Zeuxis* drawne his queint *Penelope* :
Apelles had exprest the floure of Greece
 Dame *Venus*, to no purpose, if so be
 The Sunne had not affoorded light to see :
 In vaine those masters artificiall,
 Had raisd their woonders supernaturall :

Dianes temple: and that moniment
 Of loue and death *Mausolus* tombe much famed :
 And *Pharos* beacon; works of woonderment,
 By three great masters exquisitely framed :
 Which *Sostrat*, *Scopas*, *Ctesiphon* are named :
 In vaine those maruailes all had been erected :
 If by the light, they had not been detected.

What more hath euerie artfman in request,
 When he doth frame an exquisite deuise;
 Then that the worlds faire eie which lights the rest,
 Should also glaunce vpon his worke of price?
 For that intent, his windowe open lies :
 He doth admit the sunne-light for a witnes,
 That he obserues proportion, art and fines.

Either Gods active spirit howering,
 Vpon the boyling confluence of water,
 Which wrapt the *Chaos* as a couering,
 Strooke out light fire by secret force of nature,
 As when contrarie winds begun to clatter,
 In Sommer nights, and clap two clouds together :
 From hence proceed, bright flames & lightning wether.

Or

diuerse opinions
 touching the mat-
 ter and creation
 of the light.

Or God by parts disposing of the masse,
 Fetchd brightnes from the fierie element :
 Or heauens cleare curtaine that extended was,
 In twise sixe houres vpon that litterment,
 Againe by God was darkned : to th'intent,
 That ech Horizon should by turnes haue light :
 And each againe an intercourse of night :

Genes. 1. 3.

Or whether God produc'd a christall lampe,
 In countenance vnlike vnto the Sunne,
 And with another light clear'd vp the dampe,
 While somtimes vp and somtimes downe it runne,
 Like *Titan* brandishing his station;
 Let there be light (said God,) no sooner spoken,
 But Light began to shew a glorious token.

The glistring raies, acknowledging their dutie,
 Do shed themselues on nature, being glad,
 To feele the cheering sparks of lights faire beautie:
 Who skornes the shade wherewith she erst was clad,
 And loaths to be, or suffer others sad.
 Cleere lampe, God giue thee many goodly morrowes,
 That chasest night, and puttst to flight all sorrowes.

Thou worlds great candell : & thou truths right parent,
 Terrour of theeues, and perfect looking glasse
 Of Gods good creatures, made by thee apparent :
 First fruit of God bespread vpon the masse;
 How doth thy beautie and thy grace surpasse ?
 Gods cheerefull eie : which all the world suruaies,
 Why should not modest men chaunt out thy praise ?

And

And yet because all pleasures do displease,
That haue no blancke nor intercourse betweene :
And they best know the benefit of ease,
Which long in garboyles of the wars haue beene:
For contraries comparde are better scene,
The syluer Swan, that shines vpon Cayster,
Matchd with the swarthy crow, doth much more glister.

Why God ordai-
ned the night to
succeed the day.

Therefore the worlds renowned Archite&
Ordaind the night to prease vpon the day :
The day againe, nights error to dete&
The night daies eager schorches to allay :
And th'aire with showring vapors to aray :
The night makes mellow seeds sprout in the furrowes,
Surceaseth toyle : and breakes off daily sorrowes.

The commodities
of the night.

The night which couers all, with wings of pytch,
Doth hush the world, and lull it in a sleepe :
Infusing silence, that no creatures quitch :
But dronke with influence of slumber deepe,
Both man and beast, do lay their limmes in sleepe.
The nights refresh their wearie bones with ease,
And make amends for the anguish of the daies.

Sweete night, without thee, and thy welcome presence,
Life were a hell, where (furie like) sad grieffe,
Reuenge, paine, auarice would dash all pleasure,
And thousand deaths, before deaths last repleefe,
Would torture minde and bodie saunce releefe :
Sweete night, thou couldest euerie personage
In suits alike, that plaies on worldly stage.

E

Thou

Thou blendest states, and all distinction,
 Which day light varies in a sundrie guise :
 Thou equallest the king and cullion,
 The rich, and poore, the simple, and the wise,
 The iudge, and him that in dungeon lies :
 Master and slaue : foule maukyn and faire may :
 Daies candle out, the night makes all things gray.

He that for some vngratious deed, remaines
 A creature damnd to delue in golden mines :
 And in those traps of auarice, takes paines :
 He that all smokie at the fornace pines,
 Whiles he the sulphur of mans hart refines :
 Though all daie long, his hellish toile doth last :
 Yet at the night, he takes his due repast.

He that alongst the riuer tugs his boat,
 With pugs and oares against the stubborne tide :
 And dropping ripe, doth straine his rugged throat,
 That voice and strength may both his litour guide ;
 At night vnto his pallate steps aside.
 He that the spring proud medowes frizled haire
 Doth barbe with sithe : at night goes to his lare.

Onlie you children of the bookish maids,
 While all the world is overcast with night,
 Trace out a path, by your celestiaall trades,
 Whereby into the heauens you take your flight,
 And with your muse raise others to delight.

But the eu'ning chime hath rung daies latest houre,
 The light shut in, the daies begins to loure :

The

The night, vnbreaker of my head strong studdie,
Approcheth near : but new supplie of paines;
Appeares as soone, as morning peares out ruddie :
And still more worke dares on my wearie braines :
For now behold innumerable traines,
And squadrons of celestiaall souldiers muster :
Dazling mine eyes with their bright orient cluster.

You angels (Gods attentive pursuants)
Be it, you are coequall to the light,
Which drowns the name of your significance :
Or then first tooke your seruiceable flight,
When heauen was spangled with those aglets bright :
Or, be you ancients to each other creature :
Surpassing them in essence, time and feature :

A discourse of the
Angels creation,
which are
thought vnder
the name of light
to haue bene cre-
ated: without de-
termining vpon so
difficult a point.

Me listeth not to argue *pro* or *con*;
Or vndertake with stubborne conference,
To dwell in this or that opinion :
In points vncertaine obstinate defence
I do dislike, and iangling arguments :
Blind sophistrie is bold and full of taunts :
But my sure card is humble ignorance.

Yet this I know, and therefore make no doubt,
You actiue spirits, once were all created
Immortall innocent, and faire throughout :
And with great choise of heauenlie vertues fraghted,
That with no creatures els, you could be mated :
To Gods pure essence you approach the nighest :
Alone inferior vnto the highest.

E 2

But

But as desertles wights, whom countenance
 And princes fauor, deigneth to exalt;
 Mounted on honors backe, begin to prounce,
 And gainst their founder make vniust assault,
 Till downe againe, they slip for their proud fault :
 Euen so some rout of these created spirits,
 Insur'gde against their maker for his merits.

Angels created
 innocent and
 pure keepe not
 their first estate.

Some angels, gyants like, attempting farre,
 In malice of their founder, male-content,
 Banded themselves, and made vnciuill warre,
 (Although in vaine) yet with a lewd intent,
 To dispossesse him of his regiment :
 Aspiring Impes, so reared vp would wring,
 The crowne and scepter from their Lord and king.

Their Lord and king als prest, with armed hands,
 Swift to encounter such vsurping mights,
 Gunnes out his thunder at those fier brands :
 And for reuenge of such rebellious wights,
 He throwes them down, & makes them cursed sprights:
 Downe in the aire, or in some other place :
 For all is hell, whence God withdrawes his face.

Euill sprights.

This rakehell rout inchaunted with disdaine,
 (Now diuelish feends by lewd apostasie)
 Can make no braggs of any purchasd gaine,
 But this : they tooke the longitude : how high, .
 The heauens be distant from hels custodie:
 By their ambitious iumpe, they tooke the measure
 Of heauen from hell : but forfeited the pleasure.

Yet

Yet Sathan and his rablement,
No whit amended by this ouerthrowe;
Increase in rage, and graceles hardiment,
As fast as vnto them their torments growe :
Like to the Lizards, which by many a blowe
Dismembred : yet they fiercely turne againe,
And shew their liuely rage in dying paine.

Since which reuolt, this prince vsurping power,
Amidst the aire, hath made nor truce nor peace
With mightie *Ioue* : but studies euerie hower,
How he may cause the memorie to cease
Of Gods great acts deserving onely praise :
Prest to supplant the Church of Gods owne planting :
And glad to see Gods glorie should be wanting.

He bends his force, to taint the perfect head,
And rend it from the bodie militant :
The kingly guide from citie to mislead,
And plant himselfe therein predominant :
The pilote of the ship he strives to daunt :
For from the Church, (Christs bodie) would he wring,
Euen Christ that head, that pilote, and that king.

The devils as-
saults against
Christ the head
and men the
members.

But sith Gods everlasting maiestie
Is safely seated, in his lofty throne :
Which, neither force, nor threats can terrifie,
Nor ladder scale, nor canon plaie vpon :
But all their blasts, themselves are ouerblowne :
For howsoever buzie sathan rampares :
His darts rebounde against Gods heavenly rampares.
Therefore

Therefore despairing to surprise the head
 Against the members, now he turnes his darts :
 He leaues the tree, but would the branches shred :
 For neither huntsman hath so many arts;
 Nor fisher plaies so many cunning parts;
 Nor fouler laies so many craftie gins,
 To catch their seu'rall games : as he laies fins.

As he laies fins, and baiteth secret hookes,
 To catch as well the simple as the wise :
 The frolike yonker rouing in his lookes,
 He charmes with shoves : alluring first his eies :
 For greedie pikes he baits with golden flies:
 And princelie state he taketh as an angle,
 The high aspiring climber to entangle.

Such as disdaine the worldlie blase of riches,
 With hundred vaine conceits he doth distract :
 In maske of truth minds zealous he bewitches,
 Obtruding shoves, and words for vertues act :
 In all good matters is his poison packt :
 And like a canker goodlie fruits and wholesome,
 He blasts with venime, making al things fouldsome.

Who could withstand the glosing fallacies,
 Of this night prince in malice so profound,
 That he can slip into dumbe images
 Of gold, or wood, late hewen from the ground :
 And make them yeeld some liuelie speech-like sound :
 Which can assume a prophets countenance :
 Cause bonafires burne with hidden maintenance.

The continuall
 fire of vella.

The

The virgin prophetisse of Cumes or Delph,
He prompted with their answere of foresight :
He raide a *Samuel*,shaped like himselfe,
Which told the king of doomes that hapned right :
And yet not *Samuel*,but a cursed spright.
He stricke *Ioue Ammons* priest with firs of woodnes :
Suggesting hurtfull lies,in shoue of goodnes.

Oracles Sibilla

1 Sam.28.14.

Who can descrie this great deceivers guile ?
Which could transmute a rod into a snake ?
Which did conuert the watrie poole of Nile,
To pulpe bloud ? which for a shift could make,
Great swarmes of frogs produc'de from eu'rie lake,
To crawl about the chambers of the king :
All by his forged Magike practising.

False miracles,

Exod.7.12.

Ca.7.12.

Ca.7.

And,as he is a spright inuisible,
So can he lincke the thoughts of mightie states :
And grope their minds,though he insensible,
Till he acquaint himselfe with their debates,
And priuate grudges : whence obseruing dates,
With long experiments,he takes a veiw :
For tatling thence what matters shall ensue.

The devils know-
ledge is by expe-
rience.

The brauest wits,with some fantastlike glimse,
Of things to come,he can intoxicate :
And to inueigle high conceipted impes,
Of afterclaps he can prognosticate :
We see men prouident,whose weake estate,
No sooner stands,but fals : which liue and die
The selfesame stound,yet what great things they trie ;

Mens

Mens bodies be but sluggish instruments,
 Not like to sprights in active motions :
 Yet they by force of mettals, and of plants,
 Produce a thousand strange conclusions ;
 As ishuing from some heauenlie motions :
 And shall we thinke, that such old soking sprights,
 Cannot worke woonders farre aboue their mights ?

The rather for their immortalitie,
 Plodding in schoole of long experience :
 They can discover eu'rie qualitie
 Of hidden simples, and ingredients :
 For bodies they haue none to clog the sence :
 But whatsoeuer enterprise intended ;
 Within a moment they can haue it ended.

The deuill bridled
 of God.

Not that they haue the bridle on their necks,
 Alwaies to rush, and reuell where they lust :
 Or making hauocke on the earth plaie reagues :
 And tyrannize, with danger and distrust,
 On leud mens soules, and bodies of the iust :
 But they are musled, with a greater force :
 At whose commaund they take, or staie the course.

1 King. 22. 35.

Not without leaue, that master spright of lyars,
 Could play the messenger to *Achabs* court :
 And by false tales, intise him to the briars,
 And make him dare his foe, from out his fort :
 Till his owne godles soule returned short.
 Nor yet without a passe-port to him graunted,
 Could humble *Iob*, with such assaults be haunted :

Iob. 1. 35.

His

His varlets slaine, his riches all destroide,
His flocks consumde, his camels made a praie :
His kinred sit aloofe, as men annoide
With such a poore base kinsman in their waie :
His house turnd topsie turvie to decaie :
This was not done but by commission :
The deuill making first petition.

Eternall *loue* to proue the confidence
Of constant men, that faith might grow by triall :
And choke with errors the erronious sence,
That in true matters there be no espiall :
To lying sprights he maketh not deniall,
But lets them slip, which do not cease to further
The leud attempts commenc'd in *Adams* murther.

Still they pursue, and praife wonted feates :
The selfesame anuill they do hammer still,
And forge new sleights, like to their old deceits :
But yet somtimes, do good against their will.
And though the rout apostate seeke to kill,
Yet sometime they vnawres, in midst of bloud,
Haue made fierce tirants confort with the good.

The hurtles host, Gods everlasting traine,
Which kept their first estate, saunce hautie pride :
Not mounting vp, nor tumbling downe againe,
Attend Gods pleasure, starting not aside,
But tread the pathes, prefixed by their guide :
This is their onlie delectation :
Gods glorie, and the saints saluation.

Goodnight.

F

No

No strange desire assailes their phantasie :
 The pleasant aspect of almightie God
 Is better then the sweetest Ambrosie :
 The retriue of a lambe, that long hath trod
 In wailes desert, looslie straide abroad :
 The child once lost, reduc'de to penitence :
 Delighteth them as *Nectars* influence.

Nought else requires the high aspiring minde,
 But kingdome vnto kingdome to vnite;
 And Diademe with Diademe to binde,
 That all the world might stoupe to one mans might:
 But heauenly angels haue no such delight,
 No such desire of greater excellence
 But in Gods seruice spend their diligence.

No sooner sounds the voice of Gods command :
 No sooner doth a becke of maiestie proceed :
 No sooner comes a matter to be scand,
 Wherein these angels serue in any steed,
 But out they flie with more than winged speed :
 Bending themselues to execute the word,
 And to effect the mandate of their Lord.

Genel. 31. 17.

Exod. 23. 23.
 cap. 33. 2.

One of them followes *Agar* in hir flight,
 And shortning hir exiled pilgrimage,
 By speech doth yeeld vnlooked for delight :
 Another doth conduct with æquipage,
 The marching armies of Gods heritage :
 Others direct yoong *Jacob* to the East,
 And yeelde him courage in his first nights rest.

Another

Another skilde in Physicks lore applies
A soueraigne plaister for decaied sight,
Euen such as vnto faithfull *Tobiths* eies
Restord againe the long desired light.
To Nazareth one takes his nimble flight,
And therefore truth to *Marie* doth pronounce,
She should be Maide and Mother all at once :

Tob. 11. 7.

Luc. 1. 36.

She should conceaue, and beare but onely one :
Yet at one burden should she bring forth these,
A Father, Husband, Brother, and a Sonne,
That by this birth men troubled might finde ease :
When as the ot-spring, whom it so did please
To be inclosde within hir virgins wombe,
Might not be cowpd within a world of roeme.

Another sort in feruent zeale attend,
With hand, and foote to garde the tempted sonne :
And Sathans conflict brought vnto an end,
They minister him comfort that had wonne,
And helpe to triumph when the combats done:
In fruitles sand, and stonie wildernes,
They do not leaue Christ comfortles.

Math. 4. 11.

One cheares him vp to take the bitter chalice,
And drinke that off which God had tempered,
To wash from sinne, and wring from Sathans malice
The soules of men by Sathan blemished:
Another brings glad tydings of the dead,
And shewes the Matrones of their Christs arising,
Which was reputed dead, by their surmising.

Luc. 22. 43.

Math. 28. 2. 5.

E 2

One

Luk. 1. 13.

One far beyond all expectation
Brings tidings of *Iohns* strange natiuitie:
Another puts in execution

Exod. 3. 2.

The tenor of Gods purpose faithfully,
Aduancing Israels herde to dignitie.

Exod. 12. 29.

One makes a fearfull slaughter and a sad,
On all the first borne males that *Egypt* had.

2. Kings. 19. 35.

Exempted onely from the massaker,
All such as had their doore posts painted red,
With bloud of lambe slaine for the passeouer:
Another in a moment vanquished
The host of *Rabsache*, who thundered
Blasphemous words, and termes of highest slander,
Boasting his gods, against the heauens commander.

His soldiers had subdu'd the Easterlings:
And now begirt that citie, which alone
Adores the onelie peerlesse king of kings:
Without the wals scarce could a bird haue flowne,
For troupes beleagaring the garrison.
Which *Ezechias* viewing, as a prince most wise,
Foresees th'euent, as present to his eies.

Foresees the common hauocke round about:
His subiects taken captiue, cast in bands,
Their tender children squatted in the rout:
Their noble virgins forc'de with bloodie hands,
Deflowr'de with rauishment, and rough commands:
His kinglie person eide with thousand threats,
Alreadie hackt and hewd in their conceats.

Foresees

Foresees the naked temple stript of wall,
The sacred Censors not with mirrhe perfumde,
The Altar bare, no sacrifice at all,
But priests of God, and priesthood both consumde:
Waighing these things, and how his foe still fumde,
He sprinkled ashes, and with penitence,
He cride to God in sackcloth, for defence.

God heares his crie, and whets his lightning darts,
To strike the squadrons of that heathnish rout:
And while dead sleepe benums their senselesse harts:
(Their bodies, hemming in the fires about)
He doth addresse and send a champion out:
Hunting the frustrate legar without pitie,
And casting friendly lookes vpon the citie.

Charg'd is the field, a scowre flies out the dart,
Whose single flight is not content to make
A single slaughter: but through eu'rie part
It cuts a lane, and thickest troupes doth take:
Embrawd in bloud, and like a lightning flake,
The sword doth brandish, lighting here and there,
As doth a whirlwind whiske about the aire.

They flie in chase, but too too slow they drag,
To scape the reach of such a ramping blade:
The glittering Steele is onelic seene to wag,
By which, such hauocke in one night is made:
Like as the windmill sailes with sowpe vnstaid,
Do swindge about, yet no man sees the winde,
By whose impulsive force, the sailes do grinde.

No

No sooner had the purple morning chac'de
 The donker shade, from haughtie Liban's top,
 But th'Ebrew garders in their sconses plac'de,
 Behold whole heapes of men slaine at a chop,
 (An hundred, foure score, and five thousand) stop
 And pester all their wonted passages :
 As erst with men, so now with carcases.

The Jewes reare solemne triumph to the skie,
 Insulting on the quailed conquerour :
 Ascribing honor for this victorie,
 Alone vnto the worlds chiefe gouernour,
 Which gaue these brauing troupes the ouerture.

Epilog with a
 conuersion to
 the Angels.

But you O sacred tutors of the saints,
 Swift archers helping when our armie faints.

You that in counsell are as delegates,
 And posts in needfull expedition :
 Heraulds in sounding out to all estates
 The summe of Gods decreed commission :
 You that do feare the countenance of none :
 Were men like rocks, or sturdie like to giants,
 You dare presume to giue them all defiance.

Faithfull interpreters from God to men :
 Faine would I still attend vpon your trace,
 With laggring pinions of my feeble pen,
 But that I iourney to a further place,
 And therefore doubt, least in so long a race,
 Halting too much, the first outsetting day,
 My rash attempt might faulter by the way.

For

For he that entertaines a braue desire,
(Which well beseemes a woorthie Caualeer)
To view strange men, strange maners and attire,
In forren countries as a traueller,
It bootes him not to be swift passenger :
He speedes it well if in his first daies rode,
He leaues the place and coast of his abode.

F I N I S.

